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CLIVE BARKER'S The HARROWERS RAIDERS OF THE ABYSS

**TWO HARROWERS
ALONE...**



**...AGAINST
THE HORDES OF
CHAOS!**

DIRECT EDITION

00511



OBI

Colan
+ RE

CLIVE BARKER'S
THE HARROWERS
RAIDERS OF THE ABYSS

THE DEVIL'S PAWN

CLIVE BARKER
CREATOR/CONSULTANT

MALCOLM SMITH
WRITER

GENE COLAN
PENCILLER

AL WILLIAMSON
AND
FRED FREDERICKS
INKERS

VICKIE WILLIAMS
AND
BRAD K. JOYCE
LETTERS

TOM SMITH
AND
CHI
COLORISTS

MIKE LACKEY
EDITOR

CARL POTTS
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

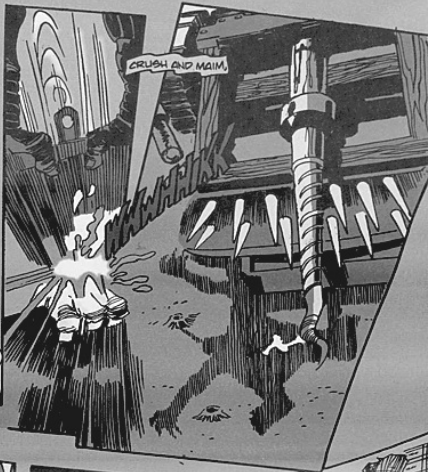
TOM DEFALCO
EDITOR IN CHIEF

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THEN LET'S
DEDICATE YOUR
DEATH TO
ME!



CRUSH AND MAIM



BLOOD AND PIERCE...

"I'VE CREATED
SOMETHING FIERCE."



DID YOU
WASTE ALL OF THAT
BLOOD & YOUR
BROTHER REMAINING
MY ONLY HOPE OF
ACTIVATING THE
SWORD'S POWER.

HE WILL
NOT FAIL YOU,
SIRE. OUR
TALENTS ARE MOST
DEPENDABLE.

THE VOICE FROM THE
SURVEILED CENOBITICAL
FORM DUPLICATES THE
DARK LORD'S TONE AND
INFLECTIONS PERFECTLY.



I FIND NO PLEASURE IN THE SOUND OF MY OWN VOICE—HAVE YOU NO SPEECH PATTERN OF YOUR OWN?



NONE, O GREATNESS. WE CANNOT BE SELECTIVE IN OUR MIMICRY.

THE LAST VOICE WE HEAR BECOMES OUR OWN, UNTIL A NEW ONE REPLACES IT.

AND THE ELIMINATION OF YOUR OTHER SENSES, SIGHT AND SMELL—THIS HAS IMPROVED YOUR TALENTS?



GREATLY.



NOW WE WAIT.

UP ABOVE, IN THE LOWER MANHATTAN
HIDEOUT OF THE ANARCHISTS, A
PRIZE FOUND IN A CEREAL BOX IS
CAUSING QUITE A STIR.

FIND
YOUR OWN
KEY, VERA. YOU
DON'T EVEN
LIKE *ANY*
SUGGETS.

COME ON,
LET ME GO WITH
YOU, GAGE.

SOOFARE

WE'LL BE A
TEAM AGAIN!

MOMENTS LATER, THESE RAIDERS
OF THE ABYSS DESCEND INTO
HELL'S DOMAIN.

VERA,
MAYBE WE
SHOULD COME
BACK ANOTHER
TIME.

SEE, GAGE,
I'M AN EXPERT IN
SITUATIONS LIKE THIS.
WHAT WE HAVE TO
DO IS...

RUN!

RIRRRUMBLE

THE THING'S
ON AUTO-PILOT!
WE JUST HAVE TO
STAY FAR ENOUGH
AHEAD AND WE'LL
BE OKAY.

THERE'S
THE VAULT
THE KEYS
FOR, UP
THERE!

WANNA GET
ON MY SHOULDERS,
VERA?

GLAD I'M
NOT WEARING A
DRESS. ALMOST
GOT IT, WOULD
STILL NOW.

YEE-OW!
ZING!
THAT HURT--
WHAT'S
GOTTEN INTO
YOU?

BBRRRRRPLUM

MEEOWW

THE KEY!
PUT ME DOWN,
I DROPPED
THE KEY!

RATS!
SOMETHING'S
DRIVING
THEM ALL THIS
WAY!

QUEEEELLA

THEY'RE
COMING FROM
ALL SIDES!

KLUK

SO THAT'S WHAT
THEY'RE RUNNING FROM!
PUT ME DOWN!

WE'RE
TRAPPED!



TOO LATE TO FIND
THE KEY--*DO SOMETHING*,
GAGE!

NOWHERE
TO GO--



NOWHERE,
BUT HERE!

GAGE TAKES HIS AX TO THE DOOR OF
A LARGE VAULT THAT STANDS ALONE
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TWO ONCOMING
DEATH-TANKS.

NICE GOING,
GAGE!

THAT WAS
A CLOSE
ONE!

THE BLADE SLITS THROUGH LIKE
BUTTER, AND PERHAPS, TOO
EASILY GAGE BREAKS ONE OF
THE CARDINAL RULES OF THE
GOODNESS--NEVER ENTER THE
CELL OF A SOUL THAT HAS NOT
BEEN CHOSEN FOR REDEMPTION.

GAGE
IT'S DARK IN
HERE!



OUTSIDE THE VAULT, THE TWO MACHINES COLLIDE, THE IMPACT BUFFERED BY THE BURSTING BODIES OF COUNTLESS RATS.

SSSKKKRRKUNNCHH

THE CRASH BRINGS DARKNESS TO THE HARROWERS' NEW SURROUNDINGS.

VERA, SOMETHING SHINY JUST MOVED BACK THERE.

I DON'T SEE NOTHING--AND I ONLY GOT ONE MATCH.

ANYBODY IN HERE MESSES WITH US IS DEAD MEAT!

FFFT

GAGE--THEM MACHINES 'A HEADIN' BACK THE WAY THEY CAME.

GOODNESS! NEVER SEEN SUCH A BLOODY MESS.

HURRY UP, VERA--I DON'T LIKE IT IN HERE.

WAIT-- PLEASE TAKE ME WITH YOU.

YOU AREN'T
CENTOBITES,
ARE YOU?

WHOEVER YOU ARE, HAVE
PITY ON ME, I'VE BEEN ALONE
IN THIS DARKNESS FOR I DON'T
KNOW HOW LONG.

VERA AND GAGE
DISCUSS THEIR
OPTIONS-- TRY
TO FIND THE
LOST KEY AND
RESUE THE
SOUL THEY
WERE SENT FOR--

--GO BACK EMPTY-
HANDED--

--OR PRETEND THAT THIS
IS THE MAN THEY WERE
SENT FOR, AND TAKE HIM
BACK INSTEAD.

HE LOOKS SO HARMLESS,
IT'S AN EASY CHOICE.

MY
PRINCE--THE
BAIT HAS BEEN
TAKEN.

THANK YOU.
THANK YOU.
THANK YOU.

A HIGH FREQUENCY
SOUND EMITS FROM
THE BACK OF THE
WHEELCHAIR.

ONLY ZING HEARS
THE STRANGE
WHISTLE.

NEEDOW!

OF COURSE.

HOW COULD MY
GALLANT HARROWERS
REFUSE TO AID A HELP-
LESS CRIPPLE?

IN A PLACE THAT'S NEITHER
EARTH, NOR HELL, THE GODDESS
ARCHIE ASKED THE QUESTION VERA
AND GAGE ON THEIR CHOICE.

THIS IS THE SOUL I
SENT YOU TO RESCUE?
THIS IS THE MAN FROM VAULT
3329222003002?

VERA LOOKS AT HER
FEET AND REMAINS
SILENT. BUT GAGE
HAS NEVER BEEN
CONCERNED WITH
TELLING THE
OCCASIONAL LIE--
LONG AS IT
DOESN'T HURT
ANYBODY.



HE'S THE
ONE, I
SWEAR.



THEN BRING HIM TO
ME--ACROSS THE
CHAOS OF
JUDGMENT.

MAY YOUR TRUTH-
FULNESS STEEL
YOUR BALANCE.

SOMETIMES GABE LIES
WITH SUCH CONVICTION, HE
CONVINCES HIMSELF
IT'S TRUE.

A LIABILITY--BUT ONE WHICH, AT THE
MOMENT, SAVES HIS LIFE.

HIS SURE FOOTSTEPS ACROSS THE
FRAGILE VINES CAUSE NOT THE
SLIGHTEST TREMOR.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS:
THE HOUSE OF ERIC AND LISA TAPEK.

NOOOOO!

HOW...AFTER
ALL THESE YEARS?

WHAT IS IT,
ERIC?

SMILEY'S BACK.
HE'S BACK AND HE'S
GONNA START
KILLING AGAIN.

CALM DOWN HONEY, IT WAS
JUST A BAD DREAM.

NO IT WASN'T.
NOT THIS TIME.

HE'S IN A CITY SOME-
WHERE, LOOKING OUT
A WINDOW--THINKING
OF HOW TO FIND ME...

...AND
KILL ME.

IT'S MORNING AT THE HARBORWHEELS HIDEOUT. MARTIN HEULER IS BEGINNING HIS FINAL TWELVE HOURS AS HIS FORMER SELF BEFORE THE SPEED OF TRANSFORMATION WITHIN, CHANGES HIM FOREVER.

YOU DON'T KNOW HOW EXCITING IT IS TO BE BACK HERE, WITH SO MUCH ENERGY AND LIFE ALL AROUND.



ONE FULL DAY, SPENT HOWEVER I PLEASE, AND I KNOW JUST WHERE I WANT TO GO FIRST.

WELL, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT... THIS WHEELCHAIR, IT WAS PROVIDED TO ME BY THE CENDOBTES AND, WELL, THERE'S SOMETHING EVIL ABOUT IT.



I DON'T WANT IT NEAR ME ANY MORE, BUT I'M AFRAID IT'S NOT SOMETHING I CAN JUST THROW AWAY.



SO HOW 'BOUT WE SEND IT BACK WHERE IT CAME FROM-- YOU KNOW! RETURN TO SENDER.

LUCE AND I CAN RENT YOU A PROPER WHEELCHAIR WHILE YOU AND VERA ARE AT THE LIBRARY.

WHERE'S THAT MARTY?

WELL, BEFORE I BECAME TRAPPED IN HELL, I WAS QUITE THE FOLLOWER OF CURRENT EVENTS.

YOU THINK ONE OF YOU MIGHT HELP ME TO A LIBRARY, SO I CAN CATCH UP ON WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING IN THE WORLD?



I'LL TAKE YA. HAVEN'T BEEN IN ONE OF THOSE SINCE I WAS TEN! THERE'S THAT BIG ONE NEAR GRAND CENTRAL, RIGHT?

STILL DON'T FEEL RIGHT 'BOUT SAVING THE WRONG SOUL. BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, MAKE SURE NOTHIN' GOES WRONG...

ANYTHING ELSE WE CAN HELP WITH?



LOOK--ZINC DON'T LIKE YOUR WHEELCHAIR EITHER!

POLICE DEPARTMENT--WOBURN,
MASSACHUSETTS...

RIGHT THEN, I'LL UH,
HAVE THE BOYS KEEP
AN EYE OUT FOR HIM.
THANKS FOR COMING
BY, ERIC. NICE TO
HAVE MET YOU
MRS. TAPER...

WAIT, AREN'T YOU PUTTING US
UNDER POLICE PROTECTION ?

YOU DON'T BELIEVE
ME, DO YOU ?

YOU'RE ASKING ME TO
OPEN A CASE THAT
GOT CLOSED FIFTEEN
YEARS AGO.

CHIEF OF POLICE
A. HARRISON

CLOSED ?! HE
ESCAPED FROM
PRISON ! WHY IS
IT CLOSED ?

BECAUSE NOBODY'S EVER ESCAPED FROM
THAT DEATH-ROW. MARTIN HEULER WAS
MURDERED BY OTHER INMATES, THEN
BURIED SOMEWHERE
ON THE GROUNDS OF
SAN QUENTIN.

HAPPENS ALL THE
TIME WITH
SERIAL KILLERS.

SO NO, I'M NOT
GOING TO BE
PROTECTING YOU
FROM A DEAD
MAN.

GOOD-
DAY!

SLAM

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY...



STILL LOOKS THE WAY IT DID FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, EXCEPT FOR NEEDING A SHORT LESSON ON MICRO-FILM, MARTY FEELS RIGHT AT HOME.

HERE WE ARE...OH I ALWAYS DID TAKE A GOOD PICTURE.

ERIC TAPER, WHAT A LOVELY NAME. MY EVER-SO-REWARDING KILLING SPREE CUT SHORT, ALL BECAUSE OF YOU.



BOSTON GLOBE

BOY PSYCHIC, ERIC TAPER COMES OUT OF HIDING TO IDENTIFY SERIAL KILL



SMILEY SENTENCED TO DEATH BY ELECTRIC CHAIR

LET'S SEE IF I CAN FIND ANYTHING MORE CURRENT.



1992

VISIONS OF MADNESS

FIRST PAINTING EXHIBIT

ERIC TAPER LIVES
IN WOBBURN MASS.

SUCH A HAND-
SOME YOUNG
MAN--

ERIC TAPER
IN WOBBURN



NOW THAT I'VE FULFILLED
MY OBLIGATION TO
PINHEAD, I CAN COMPLETE
SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS
WITH YOU, ERIC.

TO QUOTE FRANCES
BACON: "REVENGE IS A
HIGH BEST EATEN
COLD."

CATCH UP
ON EVERY-
THING?

WHAT--
SHAME ON
YOU, VERA.
YOU SCARED
ME.

Eric Taper
Woburn

HMMM--FOR A MAN
WHO CAN'T WALK, YOU
SURE CAN JUMP!



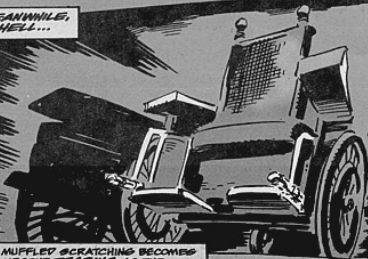
THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE--MY SON WAS JUST A BOY WHEN I WAS... TAKEN. ALL I KNOW IS WHAT TOWN HE LIVES IN, AND I'M AFRAID HE'S GOT AN UNLISTED PHONE NUMBER.



I GOT A FRIEND THAT WORKS AT THE PHONE COMPANY--NOTHING'S UNLISTED FOR HER!



MEANWHILE,
IN HELL...



A MUFFLED SCRATCHING BECOMES
AN URGENT TEARING, AS THE
STOWAWAY EMERGES FROM THE
BOWELS OF THE CHAIR...



...AND SUMMONS
ASSISTANCE.



BACK IN THE DARK
LORD'S CHAMBER...

MASTER
MY BROTHER
HAD
RETURNED.
HE HAS
IMPRINTED
WHAT YOU
NEED.

INDEED, SUMMON
THE RETRIEVAL
TEAM.

YES, MOST OF HIS WORK
IS HERE IN HIS STUDIO.
OH, I'M SURE HE'D
BE HONORED...IT'S
335 FLATLY
ROAD...

PENN STATION,
NYC

TRAIN TICKETS

GOT IT. HAVE HIM PULL
OUT HIS LARGER CAN-
VASES. MY GALLERY'S
SO BIG THAT SMALLER
WORKS GET
SWALLOWED UP.

ERIC--AN ART DEALER
IS INTERESTED IN
HANGING YOUR PICTURES
IN HIS SPRING SHOW--
HE'S COMING BY
THIS AFTERNOON !

GREAT--BRING
HIM BACK
WHEN HE GETS
HERE.

IT WASN'T A DREAM, HONEY.
THE VISIONS ARE COMING
STRONGER NOW. SMILEY'S ABOUT
TO KILL AGAIN. I KNOW EXACTLY
WHAT THE VICTIM LOOKS LIKE,
AND HOW IT'S GOING TO
HAPPEN...



...I JUST DON'T
KNOW HOW TO
STOP IT.

BACK AT PENN
STATION...

...VERA'S BUYING THE TICKETS,
BAGGAGE HAS GONE TO THE
RESTROOM...

...AND MARTY'S GOT A
LITTLE SPARE TIME
ON HIS HANDS...



SHINE
5.00



NEW



SO THAT PHONE
NUMBER WAS THE
RIGHT ONE 'Z YOU
TALKED TO YOUR
SON 'Z

YES--HE'S
VERY EXCITED TO SEE
ME. YOU'RE SURE
TAKING ME TO SEE
HIM ISN'T TOO
MUCH TROUBLE?

NAH--I TURNED OVER
A NEW LEAF. I
USED TO BE A GOOD
FOR NOTHIN'...

...NOW IT GIVES
ME A RUSH WHEN
I HELP SOMEBODY.

WELL, I CERTAINLY
APPRECIATE IT.

I WONDER VERA,
WILL IT GIVE YOU
A RUSH WHEN YOU
DISCOVER YOU'VE
HELPED ME TO
MURDER AN
INNOCENT MAN 'Z



HE'S HEARD NO
ONE SPEAK
SINCE HIS
RETURN ?

NO SURE, NOT A
SOUND BE-
FORE THE
CANISTER
WAS SEALED.

THEN TAKE HIS
BROTHER WITH
YOU AND LEAVE
US ALONE.

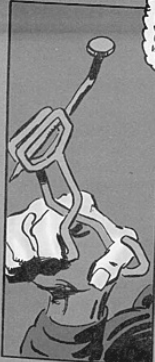
PINHEAD DRAGS THE SIGHTLESS
CREATURE'S HANTY ACROSS A
QUESTION POSED IN BRAILLE.

HE RESPONDS,
HIS TONE AND
INFLECTION
IDENTICAL
TO RON
RINGWOOD'S.



YES, UNHOLY ONE.
I HEARD THE INCANTATION
AND CAN REPEAT IT
EXACTLY AS SPOKEN.

BUT I FEAR I SHALL
HEAR ANOTHER SPEAK,
AND LOSE MY ABILITY TO
WHITATE A HARROWER.



AN UNFOUNDED FEAR,
LITTLE PARROT. THIS
WILL ENSURE RON
RINGWOOD'S VOICE
IS THE LAST THING
YOU'LL EVER HEAR.

I ENVY THE CALM
AND ORDER
YOU'LL FEEL IN YOUR
SIGHTLESS, OOD-
LESS, AND SOON TO
BE HOMELESS
WORLD.



NOW I CAN USE
THE HARROWER
SWORD TO OPEN A
PORTAL TO EARTH
WHenever I
PLEASE. MORTE
MAMME -- YOUR
END IS AT HAND,
I CAN FEEL
IT!

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT
MONTH IN THE FINAL
CHAPTER OF THE
DEVIL'S PAWN!

MANHATTAN: LOWER EAST SIDE...
A BLACK-MARKET OPERATING
ROOM IN ALPHABET CITY.

HERE DISBARRED PLASTIC SURGEONS
RESHAPE THE FACES OF CRIMINALS
AND CHEMICALLY **SMUDGE**
INCrimINATING FINGERPRINTS FROM
THOSE SEEKING ESCAPE FROM
THEIR PAST.

IT HAD BEEN TWO HOURS SINCE
DUBLIN ARRIVED, CARRYING HIS
BROTHER IN HIS ARMS.

YOU BELIEVE
THIS STUFF I'M
PULLING OUT? **F**
GUY WAS A
WALKING HARD-
WARE STORE!

RYAN DESERVED BETTER, BUT GIVEN THE
SITUATION, WHERE COULD THEY GO?

A HOSPITAL WOULD HAVE NEEDED AN EXPLANATION;
AND WHAT WOULD HE HAVE TOLD THEM, HE'D JUST
RESCUED HIS BROTHER FROM **HELL**? THAT RYAN
WAS HALF-WAY TO BECOMING A CENOBIOTE, AND
FOLLOWERS OF LEVIATHAN HAD USED NAILS, STRIPS
OF METAL AND BARBED WIRE TO PULL AND
RECONFIGURE HIS FLESH?

PHHFWN.
I DON'T
WANNA
KNOW
WHAT
THAT **WTF**

BLOOD BROTHERS





DUBLIN HOPED HE WAS DOING
THE RIGHT THING.

WHAT HAD HAPPENED
COULDN'T HAVE BEEN
CONCIDENT.

AS TWINN THEIR LIVES HAD ALWAYS BEEN, *SYNCHRO-
NISTICALLY* CONNECTED, SO IT SEEMED ONLY FITTING THAT
THE MOMENT HIS BROTHER RYAN HAD SOLVED A *PUZZLE-
BOX* AND GOTTEN DRAGGED INTO HELL, DUBLIN SHOULD
BECOME A *NAUTICHER*, ONE OF THE SIX PEOPLE IN THE
WORLD WHO COULD RESCUE HIM.



HIS MIND WANDERS BACK TO
HIS CHILDHOOD, WHEN HAVING
A TWIN MEANT NEVER BEING
WITHOUT A BEST FRIEND.



THE TIME HE'D GOTTEN PUSHED
IN AT THE LOCAL WATERING HOLE,
AND COULDN'T SWIM--RYAN HAD
BEEN RIGHT THERE TO PULL HIM
OUT.



EVERY SPECIAL MOMENT
IN THEIR LIVES HAD BEEN
SHARED ONES.

IN COLLEGE, RYAN JOINED THE FOOTBALL
TEAM, AND BECAME CLASS PRESIDENT SO
THAT BOTH OF THEM COULD BE IN THE
BEST FRAT HOUSE AND DATE THE
PRETTIEST GIRLS.



ALL THEIR LIVES HE'D BEEN THE
WEAKER TWIN, AND RYAN THE
ONE TO SAVE THE DAY...

...BUT NOW IT WAS PAY-BACK TIME--HIS
TURN TO PLAY HERO--AND HE WAS GOING TO
DO IT ON HIS OWN.

THAT'S WHY HE HADN'T TOLD THE
OTHERS--AND WHY HE HADN'T
BROUGHT HIS BROTHER TO
MOMENTS AGO. ANYWAY,
NO TELLING WHAT THE GODDESS
WOULD HAVE TRANSFORMED HIM
INTO.

A HARSH NASAL VOICE
PULLS HIM BACK TO A
GRIMY REALITY.

TIME TO PAY UP, MORSE.
HE WAS A LOT WORSE OFF
THAN YOU SAID HE'D BE.
DON'T COME LOOKIN' FOR
ANY MONEY BACK IF HE
DIES.

YOU KNOW, ONE
GOOD THING--
IF NOTHIN' ELSE...

WHAT'S
THAT?

AT LEAST NOW HE
WON'T GET OFF THE
METAL DETECTORS AT
THE AIRPORT.

A HOTEL IN HARLEM.
FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS A
WEEK, OR SEVEN
BUCKS AN HOUR.

RYAN DESERVES BETTER.



I KNOW, IT'S A PUMP. BUT IT'S JUST FOR A FEW DAYS.

I'VE GOT PLANS FOR US, BRO. REMEMBER UNCLE JOEY? HE DIED LAST YEAR AND LEFT ME HIS CABIN IN MAINE. SOON AS YOU GET WELL ENOUGH TO TRAVEL WE'LL HEAD UP THERE.

WHISKEY? MAYBE WHEN YOU GET A LITTLE BETTER, HUH? RIGHT NOW WHAT YOU NEED IS REST.

HOW 'BOUT GETTING US A BOTTLE OF JACK?

COME ON, JUST A SIP. I WANNA TOAST US BEING TOGETHER AGAIN.



"I WANNA TOAST MY BRAVE TWIN FOR SAVING MY BEHIND."



I'D SAY A COUPLE ASPIRIN, BUT I DON'T THINK THEY'D HELP.



WHAT THE HECK, I SURE COULD USE A DRINK--BE RIGHT BACK. NEED ANY-THING ELSE?



IN THE BAG.

IT LOOKED LIKE AN ENORMOUS
CRIST. HE CAN STILL FEEL THE
DULL ACHES AT THE BASE OF HIS
SKULL WHERE IT USED TO BE.

HE'D SEEN DUBLIN
PUT IT THERE.

AMHH,
THE
PUZZLE-
BOX.

NEVER
LEAVE
HOME
WITHOUT
IT.

INTO A GLASS OF WATER.
IT SWELLS AND GAINS
MASS, EXPANDING LIKE
A NEW SPONGE.

GSSHHHH
WWW
MMPPP



OKAY BRO--GOT
US A COUPLE OF
SHOT GLASSES--
WHAT THE...?

NO RYAN,
DON'T!

WHY NOT? I
FIGURED LONG
AS WE'RE HAVING
A LITTLE FAMILY
GET TOGETHER...



...MIGHT
AS WELL
INCLUDE
DAD.

SUDDENLY DUBLIN CAN'T
BREATHE. BEFORE HIM
STANDS THE GENERAL,
ONE OF HELL'S COMMANDERS.
HE'S SEEN HIM TWICE
BEFORE, BUT ONLY FROM
BEHIND.

HELLO,
SON.



BUT NOW, THERE'S NO
DENYING THAT BENEATH
THE CEREBROSCAL
SPIKE PROTRUDING
FROM THE GENERAL'S
FOREHEAD, IS THE FACE
OF HIS FATHER!



CLOSE THE
BOX, RYAN.
IT'S NOT
TOO LATE!



NOW THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE
WRONG, BRO. IT WAS TOO
LATE AGES AGO.

DUBLIN'S TRAINING AS A HARKONER INSTINCTIVELY TAKES OVER, AS HE VANISHES FROM SIGHT.



WE KNOW YOU'RE STILL THERE. COME WITH US, DUBLIN.

RYAN, LISTEN TO ME. THAT THING'S NOT OUR FATHER ANYMORE. IT'S ME, YOUR TWIN TALKING. TRUST ME!

NO DUBLIN, IT'S YOU WHO'S GOTTA TRUST ME!



THAT'S IT, I'M OUTTA HERE.

DUBLIN, WAIT, LISTEN TO YOUR BROTHER. THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD HEAR.

I'M HEMORRHAGING DUBLIN, THERE'S NO WAY TO STOP THE BLEEDING FROM WHERE THE BOX WAS IMPLANTED. IF I STAY, I'LL DIE--AND IT WILL BE YOUR FAULT.

NO, DON'T SAY THAT. IF YOU DIE, A PART OF ME...

...WILL DIE TOO. I KNOW.

ADMIT IT, YOUR LIFE'S BEEN EMPTY SINCE I'VE BEEN GONE, HASN'T IT? I'VE COME WITH ME, MY TWIN, WHERE WE CAN BOTH LIVE, TOGETHER, FOREVER.

AND YOU STILL CAN BE.
THEY'RE WAITING FOR
US NOW, AND THEY
HAVE SOMETHING VERY
IMPORTANT PLANNED
FOR YOU AND ME.

WE'RE
GONNA
BE THE
TOAST OF
HELL!

I'M PROUD
OF YOU,
MY SONG.

THE TRANSFORMATION CHAMBER
AWAITS. AT LAST YOU'LL FULFILL
YOUR *DESTINY*, AS THE FINAL
KEY ELEMENT FOR THE *DOWN-
FALL* OF MORTE MAMME!



THEY HAD TOLD THE TRUTH. A WHOLE
TEAM OF CENOBITES HAD BEEN
WAITING TO PERFORM THE
OPERATION.

ONCE AGAIN, HELL DELIVERS
ALL THAT'S PROMISED...

...AND MORE.

WHEREVER
WE GO...

WHATEVER
WE DO...

WE'RE GONNA
GO THROUGH
IT...
TOGETHER!

FIND OUT NEXT MONTH HOW
PINHEAD USES DUBLIN IN
HIS NEW FORM TO BRING
DOWN THE GODDESS!